

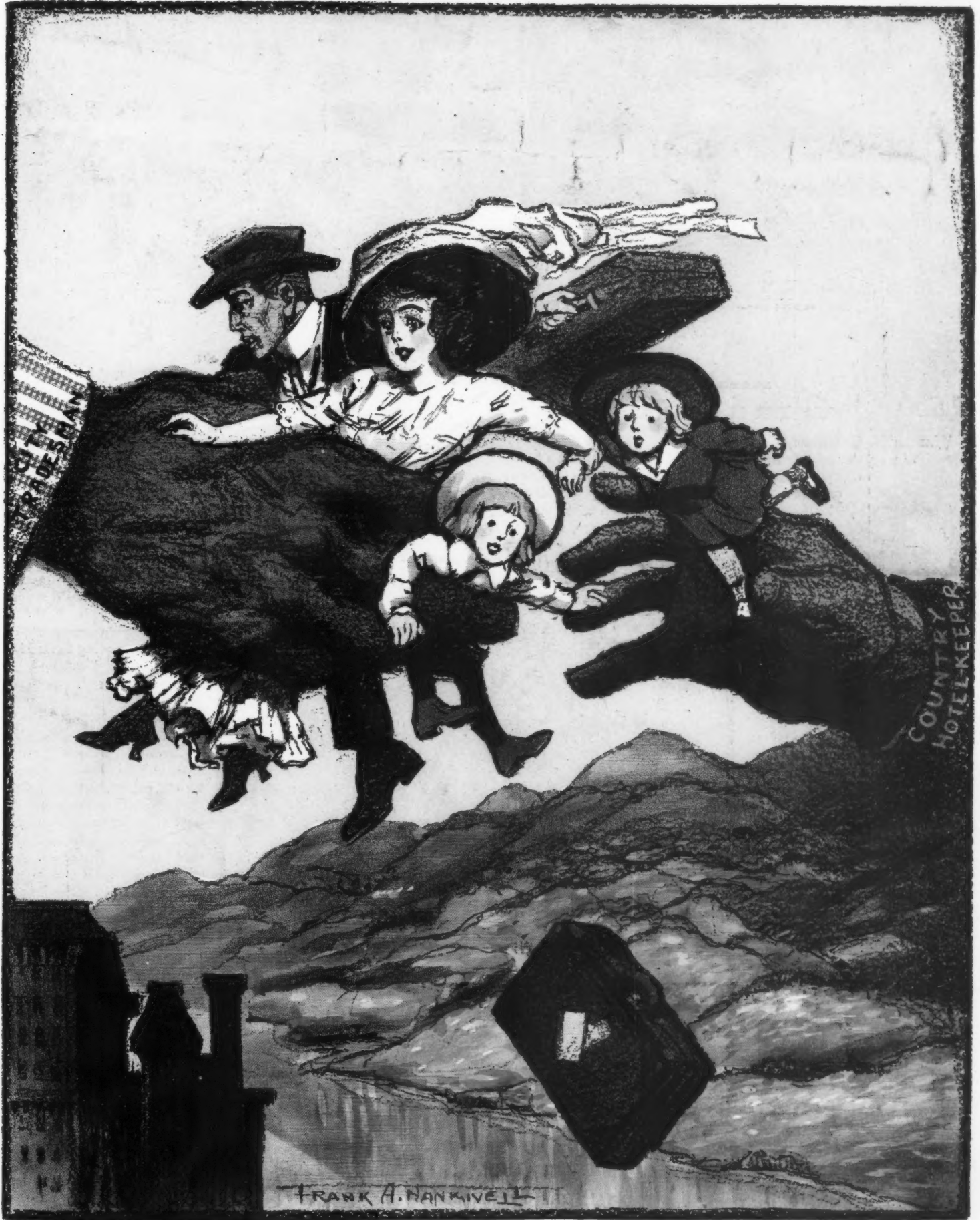
1804 missing Restored

VOL. LXX. No. 1803.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, September 20th, 1911.
Copyright, 1911, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUCK



THE TUG OF WAR.

"Let go there! Give me a chance at 'em! You had 'em all Summer!"



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1803. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

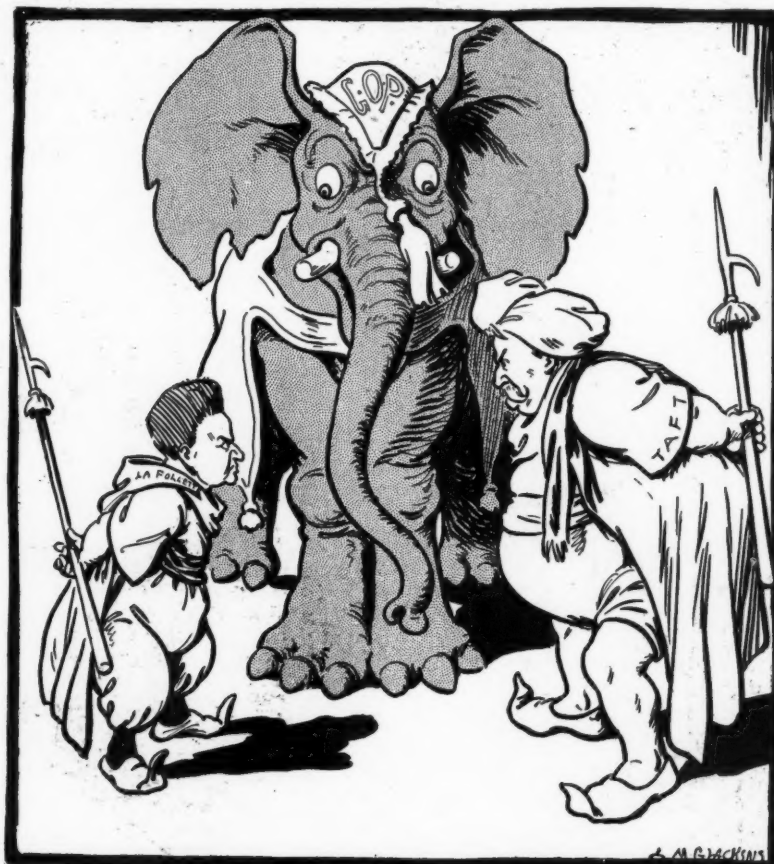
WALTER H. GALLAWAY.



WALTER H. GALLAWAY, well known as an illustrator, and best known as a regular contributor to PUCK, died a week ago at his home in Westport, Connecticut. His illness had been a lingering one, and physicians for some months past had denied his friends and kin the consolation of hope. That they hoped in spite of such assurance, and felt the shock of his going as much as if they had been unprepared for it, are facts which will give to those nearest to Mr. GALLAWAY an inkling of the esteem in which his associates held him. Mr. GALLAWAY'S work appeared steadily in PUCK for nearly fifteen years. He did very little in the line of cartooning, but his street-urchins, his country types, and his stage-folk were pen-and-ink people that had both humor and truth. He will be missed in many places besides PUCK office.

WE ALL know that a demagogue is a very bad man. Not all of us are sure that we would know a demagogue if we saw one, but we have all read about them in certain newspapers, and we know the malicious mischief of which they are capable. Gentlemen of the tribe, Reactionary and Standpatter, have been particularly zealous in making us understand just how reprehensible demagogues are, and frequently they have saved us from being badly fooled. Time and again, when we have sized up a man in the public eye as a courageous citizen who dared to speak the truth, we have been abashed to discover that he was not

speaking truth at all, but damaging falsehood; that he was a "preacher of discontent," that he was "stirring up class hatred;" in short, that he was a demagogue. Demagogues, as far as we have been able to observe, have never been on the side of the Reactionary or the Standpatter; we have the word of these gentlemen for it that demagogues are always to be found in the ranks of the Progressives. Hence it is with appreciation of novelty that we saw unmistakable signs of demagoguery in the Standpatters' fight against Canadian Reciprocity. The interests that warned us so solemnly against the talk of the demagogue in the United States were not above employing demagogic arguments and methods in Canada to prevent a ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty. Who else but the tariff standpatters were behind the cry that Reciprocity was the first step toward annexation and nothing less? Apparently, a man is a demagogue or a patriot, according to the side he is on.



THE RIVAL MAHOUTS.

THE ELEPHANT.—This strain is something terrible! I wish they'd hurry and decide who's my boss!

THE PEOPLE who hoped to see the tariff again a big issue in American politics did not hope in vain, but the parties are not lined up for and against Tariff Reform in the good old way. The Republicans will not come before the people in the next Presidential election and advocate a tariff full of high-protective schedules. The Democrats, it is true, will advance the old proposition of gradual reduction, but the old stand of the Republicans has been abandoned. In the next Presidential campaign both parties, it is likely, will announce themselves in favor of downward revision; the barkers of both will call attention to the fact that theirs is the "only genuine;" and the public will have a sort of Hobson's choice. For the confirmed Standpatter, the fellow who used to proclaim that "the foreigner pays the tax" and that "a cheap coat makes a cheap man," it looks as if it would be a season of cold comfort.

DID IT FALL, OR WAS IT PUSHED?



I.
"Gee, but my hair is stubborn! I wish
I could wear it brushed back!"



II.
"THIS OUGHT TO HELP SOME!"



III.
"Ah-h-h! At last! And yet they
speak of speeding as an evil!"

A SYMPATHETIC NATURE.

HE dotes on Dickens and his pathos deep,
Though when she reads her tears are sure to flow;
O'er poor Nell's death she simply has to weep—
She is so sympathetic, don't you know,

And when the play is out, her eyes are red
From crying o'er its feigned, romantic woe.
Its sadness robs of slumber her soft bed—
She is so sympathetic, don't you know.

"Evangeline," "The Luck of Roaring Camp,"
Or tales where heroes hardship undergo,
Will leave her dainty handkerchief quite damp—
She is so sympathetic, don't you know.

The shiv'ring newsboy with his ragged sleeve,
The hungry and the homeless 'mid the snow,
She cannot bear to see—much less relieve—
She is so sympathetic, don't you know.

Walter G. Doty.

HIS MATCH AT LAST.

"WELL," asked St. Peter of a new arrival, "what are
your credentials?"

"I, sir," said the candidate for admission, "am an
honest circulation-manager."

"Come right in! We've had a converted horse-trader
here for twenty years, and he's getting chesty."

THE STINGEE.

"I ONCE knew a marriage," said the Erratic Thinker,
"whereat the groom paid the officiating clergyman
in counterfeit money and still got stung."

EARLY.

"DID you read this morning's *Evening Journal*?"
"I glanced over it last night before I went to bed."

TOO FAST.

MADGE.—Did n't you think the show ended rather abruptly?

MABEL.—Yes, indeed. We had barely time to take up our things,
put on our hats and coats, and get outside the theatre, before the curtain went down.

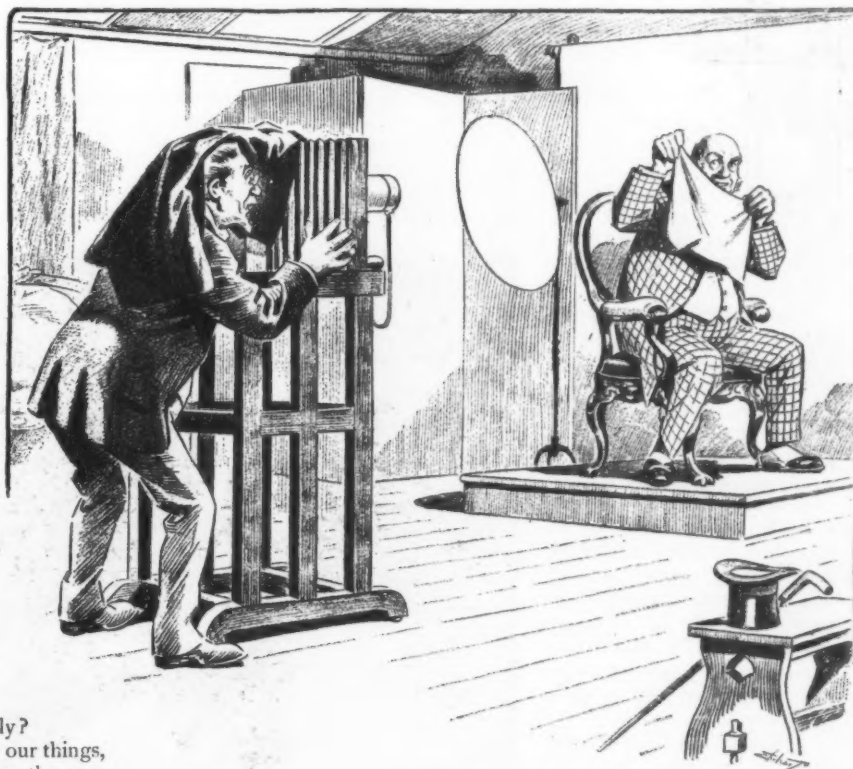
WARS would n't be nearly so bad if, after brave men are done with
them, cheap men did not from time to time insist on fighting
them all over again.

POSTPRANDIAL.

JINKS and Binks were returning from a feast of reason and flow of soul
"Lockwitter's speech to-night," declared Binks, glowingly, "was, to
my mind, the best postprandial oratory I've heard in many a long day!"
"It seemed to me," Jinks rejoined, "that he made a perfect ass of
himself!"

"O, perfect!" exclaimed Binks, even more glowingly. "And all
without preparation, mind! Of course, he could n't have foreseen the
exigencies of the moment."

HOME is the only place on earth where we are appreciated at our
true worth, and treated good in spite of it.



INVOLUNTARY.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Say! Pardon me! But that's the third time you've
covered your face with a handkerchief just as I was ready.

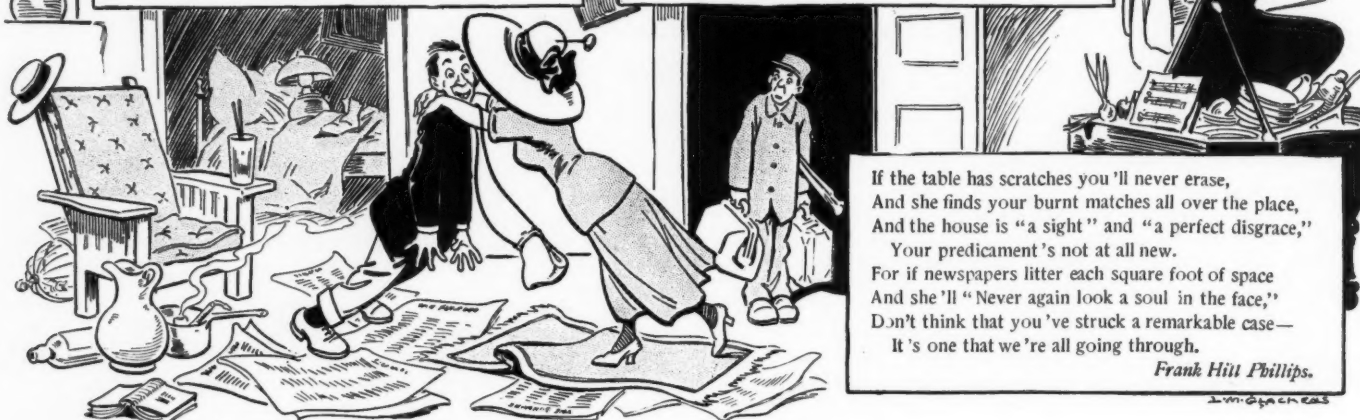
SUBJECT.—I know, but I can't help it. I've been indicted a good deal
lately, and I got the habit trying to dodge newspaper photographers.

An Optimist is a chap who can see certain redeeming features even in a
neighbor's phonograph.



ARE you washing the dishes while she is away?
Or stacking them up in a reckless array
With never a thought of the reckoning day
Which only too surely awaits?
And before she returns don't you think it would pay
To figure out what you are going to say
When she asks: "Why on earth did you use every day
Those very best French china plates?"

Do you water the rubber-plant? Or is it dead?
Are you sure every morning you make up the bed
And chirk up the pillows and put on the spread
In the way she told you to do?
Do you see the canary is carefully fed,
The windows all closed every day, as she said?
If you do, then of course you have nothing to dread;
If not, then it's coming to you.



If the table has scratches you'll never erase,
And she finds your burnt matches all over the place,
And the house is "a sight" and "a perfect disgrace,"
Your predicament's not at all new.
For if newspapers litter each square foot of space
And she'll "Never again look a soul in the face,"
Don't think that you've struck a remarkable case—
It's one that we're all going through.

Frank Hill Phillips.

MRS. MARTER'S COMPLEXION.

MR. MARTER hastily dropped his morning paper and arose as his wife entered the breakfast-room. Mrs. Marter's brows held that elevation and her lips that depression which forecasted an approaching storm, and her husband's spirits sank accordingly. "Good-morning, my dear," said he, trying to look happy, and proceeding to overdo it. "You look as though you'd had a good night's rest. Let me pull out your chair. How becoming that wrapper—dress—I mean gown—is. You always did look well in blue."

"It matters little," said Mrs. Marter, in an all-is-now-over voice, "but I was led to believe it green."

"Of course, my dear, green. I meant green. And such a pretty shade."

"Green and yellow do not ordinarily blend," observed the lady, sipping her coffee as though it probably contained some deadly poison, but life was too dismal a thing for it to matter.

"Very true," assented Mr. Marter, in his sprightliest manner. "It takes you to pick out colors."

At this innocent compliment Mrs. Marter buried her face in her handkerchief and began to sob.

Mr. Marter, never prepared for these outbursts, after ten years of trying to ward them off, dropped his fork and jaw at the same time, and

exclaimed: "My dear, what *is* the matter? What have I done? I merely said——"

"Pray, do not repeat what you merely said," came in choked tones from behind the handkerchief. "All m-men are deceivers, but now and then the t-truth slips out. If you'd told me that you wanted complexion instead of—of soul——"

At this point, observing the little handkerchief to have become a wet ball the size of a plum, Mr. Marter courteously offered a large one of his own—which was drawn away from as from a species of white serpent.

"Complexion," repeated Mr. Marter, aghast at the sudden jump. "You must have misunderstood——"

"I certainly did!" cut in his wife. "I thought you wanted *me*. If you wanted merely pink skin——"

"What?"

"——why did n't you marry that silly Winifred Woodbury? She'd have married *anybody*."

"My dear,"—Mr. Marter was fairly pop-eyed by this time,— "will you tell me what you think I said?"

Mrs. Marter gave her eyes a final dab, sighed deeply, drooped her head and shoulders, and folded her hands as though the jolts of the tumbril were nothing to her.

"You said," she began, apparently conversing with someone in the sub-cellar, "that no one without my sense of color could have chosen a green that would have gone so happily with my old, lined, wrinkled, *yellow* skin."



SEEING EUROPE FIRST.

SHE.—Wonderful pictures, are n't they, dear, in this gallery?

HE.—Yes, but hurry! The Joneses did the Louvre, Luxemburg, and Cluny in four hours. We must beat their record!

According to the bright lexicon of youth, it's the last long kiss that breaks the lover's heart.

PUCK

Mr. Marter, on the verge of apoplexy, succeeded in gasping: "Why, I never——"

"Or words to that effect," added his abused wife.

This was the exact time for diplomacy, as Mr. Marter knew from long experience. Denials and attempted explanations on his part would never avail. Assuming an air of dignified regret and a tone of gentle reproach, he said:

"Angelina, when a man marries a woman because he loves her very self—would love her even though she were homely as—well, as that freak of a Winitred Something—and yet is so fortunate as to wed beauty and brains as well as soul,—I say it is very hard to be misunderstood and doubted as regards his lasting admiration. Why, as I passed McPittem's window last night they had displayed a little—er—gown of some flimsy stuff—(Mrs. Marter's eyes rose as high as the sugar-bowl)—that I saw at a glance was meant for you. It was pinky-white. No, something richer than white—peaches and cream, that's what it was. Peaches and cream to match your skin. Not one woman in a thousand could wear it——"

"I know. I doted on it yesterday. But it costs——" Mrs. Marter's eyes were raised to his own now, though her head still drooped a little.

"Bother the cost!" said Mr. Marter, holding out one arm, as she came around the table with shining eyes. "Get on your things and I'll stop with you on the way to the office. It may be gone if we don't hustle."

Mrs. Marter looked around the door with a demure little smile. "They promised to reserve it till noon," she said.

Mr. Marter looked blank for a moment, and then he grinned and chuckled knowingly.

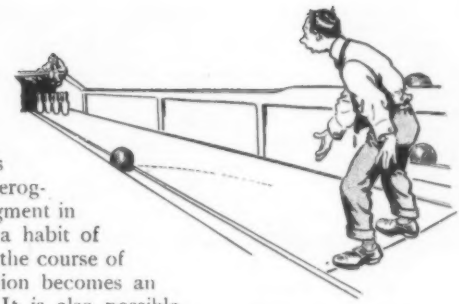
Beech Hilton.

SOUND ADVICE.

"NEVER permit yourself to say of any boy that he will never amount to anything," sourly remarked the Old Codger.

"The power of suggestion is great, and an echo of your derogatory estimate may find lodgment in his heart and develop into a habit of self-underestimation until in the course of time your depreciatory opinion becomes an appropriate appraisal. It is also possible that later along he may become your son-in-law. I was once unwise enough to express such an opinion about a certain boy, and he grew up and became a Justice of the Peace; last week I was sued before him, and he remembered my remark and gave the verdict to the other fellow."

BOWLING GREEN.



HEREDITY.

WOGGS.—His great-grandfather was one of our pioneer pathfinders. BOGGS.—I knew he got it somewhere. That fellow can actually follow a continued story in a daily newspaper from beginning to end.

REAL GOOD.

CLANCY (the saloon-keeper, testily).—Ye naden't be pullin' yer lungs out on that cigar, Conley. I'll have ye know it's a good cigar. CONLEY.—Faith, it must be—it's died young!



CITY AND COUNTRY.

EACH (to himself).—Gee! I wish I was going back with him!

BACK IN STYLE.



VELL, here we are! From 'dohey crust
Once more to sand and loam!
Down from the mesa, trail, and dust,
To things and speech of home!
Wells-Fargoes bulging from my
coat,
And gold about my waist,
And if you get too close you'll note
A breath that's far from chaste.
How is it? Nothing on the list
But what looks glad and gay!
I started West a colonist,
But I've come back *Booffay!*

I've seen all kinds of things and men;
I've staked, and made my pile;
I've lived to reach New York again!
I'm back! I'm back in style!

I'm back in style. Which is n't much.
But since most people go
And worship and bow down to such,
I've got the style to show.
I've tried out every "best hotel,"
Banff to Loss Anjelese,—
I ask no odds of any swell
For elegance and ease.
Why, all the trick in all the game
Is simply cash to buy!
Style—yes, I'm for it *without shame*,—
The world is judge, not I.

The finger-bowls, the oyster-forks,
The full-dress clothes and tile,
The go-machines, the pails and corks;—
They're mine! I'm back in style!

I might have stayed and filled my place
Here as designed for me,—
Kept my ambitions inside trace,
Neck-yoke, and whiffletree;
And learned what others labored for
Was mine when in my reach;
And been a model maggot, or
A splendid, wholesome—leech.
I might have left it all to fate,
And watched my dreams ride by,
And, while we're at it, let me state
That talk is cheap—and dry.

Here's Up and Down! We'll lose the frown,
And ease things off, and smile,
And rest. And you can tell the town
We're home—but *Back in Style!*

William Alexander Caruth.



'T WAS BUT A MONOPLANE.

"O, Henry! Take me away quick! There's one of those
mosquitoes like they show under a microscope!"



A MODEL STOCKHOLDER.

COHENSTEIN (to his chauffeur).—Go slow on dis roadt, undt don't hit no telegraph poles! I chust
got some stock in der Western Union!

MILLIONS AND LESS.

IT is one of our stock national jokes that the
more one steals the less reprehensible he is.
The following is perhaps the commonest form
of this joke: "If a man steals a loaf of bread
he is sent to jail. If he steals a railroad he is
sent to the Senate." It is interesting, and per-
haps equally as humorous, however, to note that
the same distinction seems to apply to other
activities.

The cashier who does not have on hand
every cent entrusted to him is guilty of embezzle-
ment. The banker is not expected to keep
more than a certain per cent. of the money that
is deposited with him.

The man who lends thousands on stocks is a
respectable banker. The man who lends a few
dollars on personal belongings is a despised
pawnbroker.

The man who borrows thousands is con-
sidered to have splendid credit. The
man who borrows twenty-five dollars
is hard up.

The man who smuggles millions
is made to pay a small fine.

The man or woman who
smuggles a few trinkets has
them confiscated and is sent
to jail besides.

The lawyer who defends
big criminals has more work
than he can do and is a
power in the community.
The police-court lawyer who
defends little criminals is
dubbed a shyster or a petti-
fogger.

The man who receives
valuable land-grants, water-
powers, and rights-of-way
gratis from the State is a pom-
pous financier. While the man who
receives a grudging living at the town
or county poorhouse is an unhappy
pauper.

Ellis O. Jones.

DID N'T HAVE TO BE.

NEW SUBURBANITE.—I suppose this is Pas-
teurized milk, my friend?

VILLAGE MILKMAN (*witheringly*).—Not so's
ye kin taste it, I reckon, Mister. In fact, I'll
hand ye a five-dollar note if ye kin prove any
uv my cows wuz ever bit by a mad dog!

THE law loosely defines a man's residence as the
place where he sleeps. Strictly it is the place
where he undresses and gets into bed and tries all
the latest cures for insomnia.

In the Baseball
Spotlight.

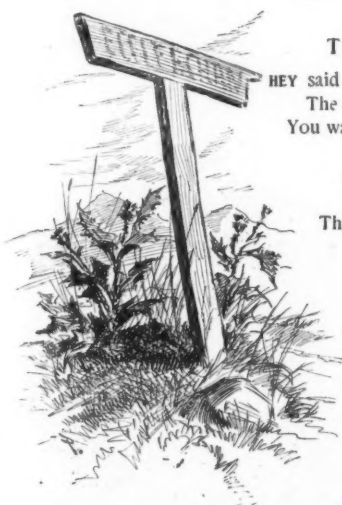


X.—ROGER BRESNAHAN,
WHO IS RESTORING
ST. LOUIS TO THE
BASEBALL MAP.



IN HADES.

SATAN.—What are those two automobile fellows fighting about?
ASSISTANT.—They've just got into an argument over whether this place ought to be air-cooled or water-cooled.



THE SLAVE OF GLAMOR.

HEY said to me: "Man, you are broken and battered,
The city has crushed you and sapped you of life,
You want to go out where the folks are more
scattered,

Away from the crowds and the slums and the
strife.

They have robbed you of air, and have taken
your birthright,
You toil for the wealth that your masters
demand;

O come, let us bring you once more to
your earth-right--

The country is calling you 'Back to the
Land!'"

So I came, and I flourished and prospered,
but somehow

I'm sick for the sight of the city again,

And I think of the days when I lived in a slum, how

I used to sit out with the neighboring men

And smoke on the curb while the kids on the pavement

Were dancing about to the street-organ's tune;

For I was a slave—but I loved my enslavement,

And I guess I got free just a little too soon.

There are birds in the trees here whose warbling is pretty,
There are flowers and grass, and they're lovely, maybe,
But O for the bands in the parks of the city,
And the fun and the life and the crowds that you see!
The city is filled with injustice and illness,
But still it's alive, and I'm hearing it call,
While here—why, I can't go to sleep for the stillness,
And nothing whatever is doing at all!

I know I'm a fool to be longing and longing
For pavements and smoke and for hurry and noise,
But I'm wishing the sight of the people all thronging,
The old folks and babies, the girls and the boys.
It did me no good, and it robbed me and stripped me,
It kept me half-starved, and it trampled me down,
But the spell of the city has reached me and gripped me,
And it's "Me from the country right back to the town!"

Berton Braley.

THE MUSICAL MINISTER'S TREAT.

"SO GLAD to see you," said Mrs. Dullard to the Reverend A. Alexander Chopin-Fugue on the occasion of his first call at the Dullard home. "I am so glad that we have a minister who is especially fond of music, as I hear that you are. I have heard that you never miss a symphony concert when you are in Boston, and that you are a fine performer on the piano yourself. We have a great deal in common if you love music. All of my children are very fond of music, and I am so glad that they are at home so that they can play for you. This is our little Robert. He has never had but one term of lessons, but he can play almost anything he takes a notion to. Robert, sit down to the piano and play the 'Jolly Boy Waltz.' He can play it with hardly a mistake, so I want him to play it for you, and——"



THE USUAL STUNT.

"Well, I see you're back from your vacation. What did you do?"
"O, the usual stunt—I sunbathed at the beach and then poisoned at the mountains."

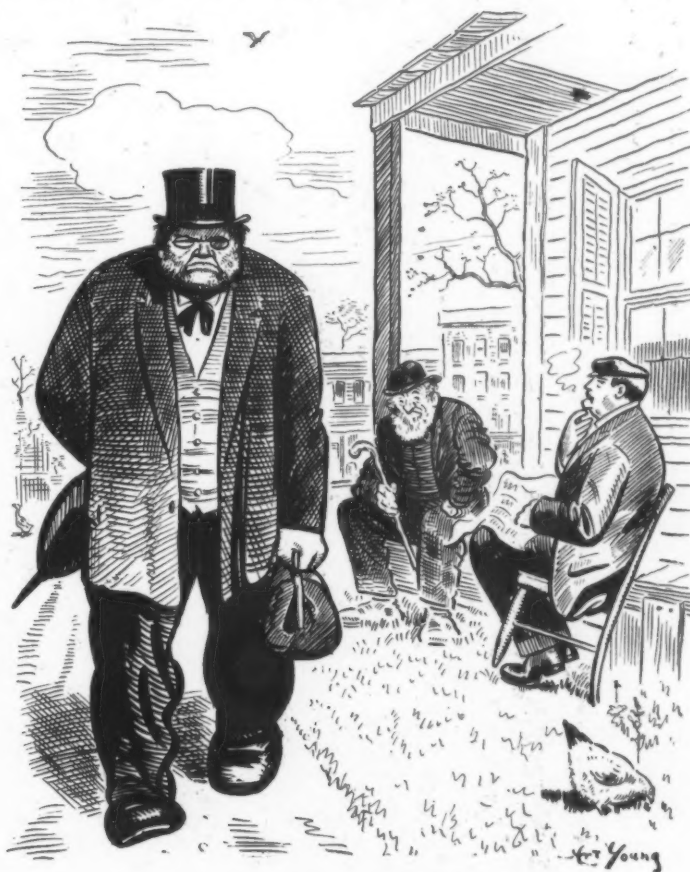
"I really have time for——"

"He can play it in four or five minutes, and then I want him and his sister Lutie to play their little duet for you. It is something they made up entirely by themselves, although Lutie is only eleven. And I do not want you to go until you have heard our little Percy play 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.' He is only seven, so of course we have to allow for some mistakes——"

"I am sorry, but really I fear that——"

"Percy, run upstairs and tell your little sister May to come down. I want her to play her little piece for the minister. She can play 'Bringing in the Sheaves' with two hands. I am sure that you will enjoy hearing my little ones. Now, Robert, let us have the 'Jolly Boy Waltz,' and I want you to play it the best you can."

M. W.



REASSURING.

TOWN VISITOR.—That's the village doctor, isn't it?
TOWNSMAN.—Yep.
TOWN VISITOR.—Is he a good doctor?
TOWNSMAN.—O, he's all right—if you've got a strong constitution.

Many financiers are best known and judged by the kind of companies they promote.

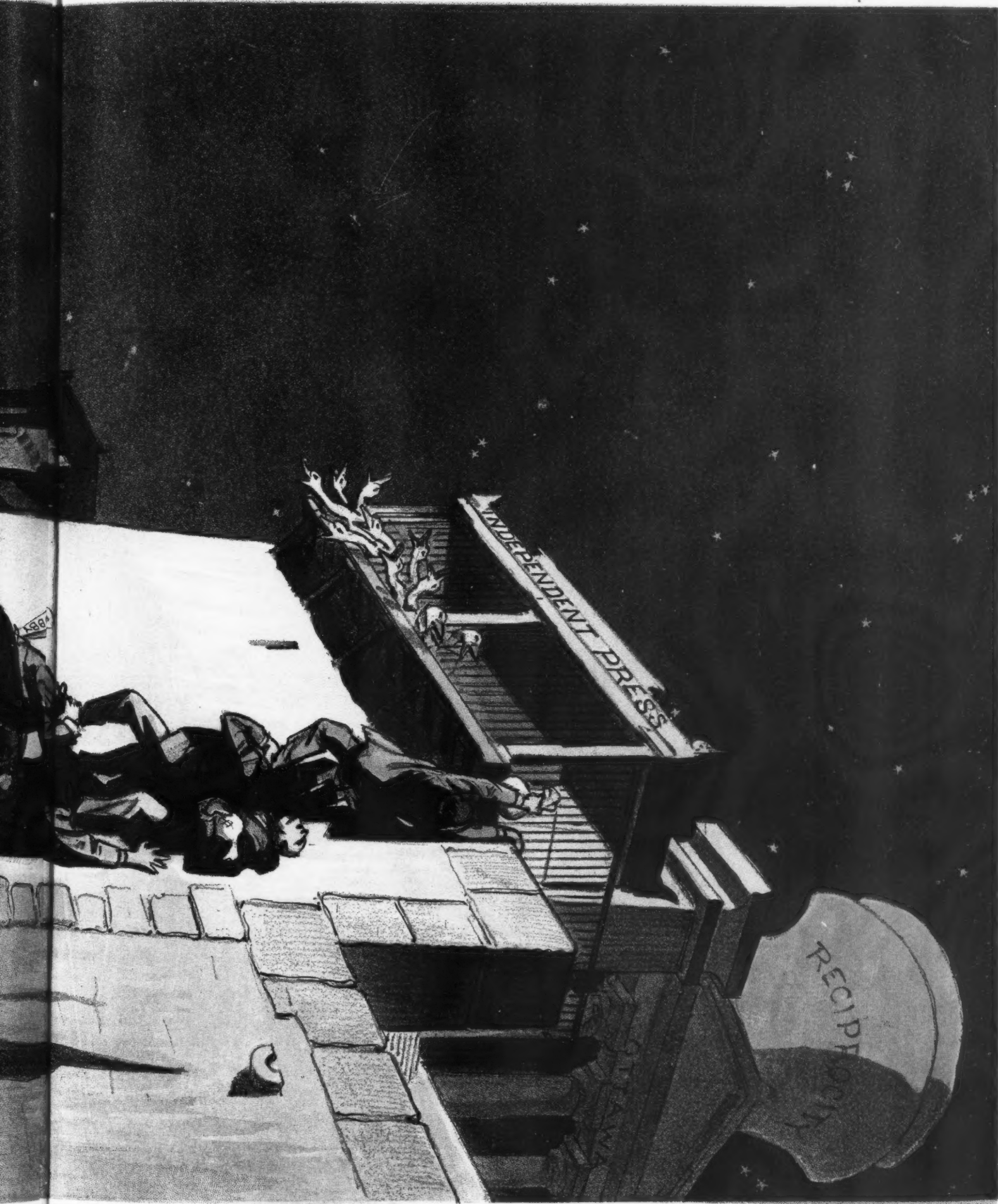


THE PUCK PRESS

THE ALARM.

AS THE GEESE SAVED ROME, PUBLICITY WILL SAVE RECIPROCITY.

PUCK





THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

KIND GENTLEMAN.—What are you crying for, my little man?
 LITTLE MAN.—'Cause my name is Tappanoochee Greensward Towers Glittering Bonanza Smith.
 KIND GENTLEMAN.—Where in the world did you get it?
 LITTLE MAN.—I was born just after Pa made his money, and Sis wanted me named after our private car, and Ma after our country place, and Pa after the mine where he got rich, and so I was the goat for all of it!

SAFE.

MOTHER may I go out to swim?
 Yes, my darling daughter.
 I know a girl with such a limb
 Won't go too near the water!

GOOD.

THE FATHER.—But what special qualifications
 has your school that might interest my son?
 THE PRINCIPAL.—Just tell him that we over-
 look the Hudson and non-attendance at classes.



AFTER THE FIRE.

THE OWNER.—Of course it was insured; and there
 is another thing I'm thankful for: My wife won't see the
 way I kept it while she was away for the summer!

ROBBERY.

"DAT ar white dentist am a swindle, sah!"
 peevishly carped Brother Mooch. "I
 goes up dar to his office wid muh toof, and he
 dess socked de pinchers onto it, and, Bing!
 't wuz out wid one twist o' de wrist. Took him
 haffer minute and did n't hurt me sca'cely
 a-tall, and he done chahged me haffer dollah
 for dat haffer minute. Ding-bust it!—I could-uh
 gone to Brudder John Tump, de blacksmith,
 and he'd uh-yanked and drug me all 'round
 de shop for haffer nour and
 blame' near pulled muh
 head off, and never
 chahged me mo' dan
 a dime! Dat white
 dentical gen'leman
 am a scamp, sah!
 —a scamp and a
 swindle!"

CAUSE.

WARDEN.—See
 here! What
 are you laughing at?
 No. 999.—O, I just hap-
 pened to remember that I've got
 a note coming due to-day!

USUALLY.

FRIEND.—What became of that maga-
 zine that you organized to warn peo-
 ple against worthless stocks on the market?
 PROMOTER.—Well, we sold the public
 nearly half a million worth of its stock be-
 fore we failed.



WEEK BEGINNING SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH.

American, 42d St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville. All-Star Acts.
 Evenings 8:15.
 Astor, Bway and 45th St. "What the Doctor Ordered."
 (First performance September 20.) Evenings 8:15.
 Belasco, 44th St. nr. Bway. "The Concert," with original
 cast. Evenings 8:20.
 Bijou, Bway and 30th St. Cyril Scott in "Modern Marriage,"
 a new comedy by Harrison Rhodes. Evenings 8:15.
 Broadway, 41st and Bway. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks."
 Evenings 8:15.
 Casino, Bway and 39th. "The Kiss Waltz," a new Viennese
 operetta. Evenings 8:15.
 Century, 62d St. and 8th Av. "The Blue Bird." Eve-
 nings 8:15.
 Colman's, Bway and 43d St. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,"
 with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the
 confidence-man.
 Colonial, Bway and 62d St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily
 matinees. Evenings 8:15.
 Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15.
 Evenings 8:15.
 Comedy, 41st St. bet. Bway & 6th Av. "Speed," an auto-
 comedy in three acts. Evenings 8:15.
 Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Passers-By," a new play by
 Haddon Chambers. Evenings 8:15.
 Daly's, Bway and 30th St. "When Sweet Sixteen," a new
 song-play by Hobart and Herbert. Evenings 8:15.
 Empire, Bway and 40th St. John Drew in the new comedy
 "A Single Man," by H. H. Davies. Evenings 8:15.
 Folies Bergère, 46th St. and Bway. Musical Revue and
 Cabaret Show, "Hello Paris!" Evenings 8:15.
 Gaiety, 46th and Bway. "Excuse Me." A Pullman Carnival.
 Evenings 8:15.
 Globe, Bway and 46th St. Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentle-
 man of Leisure," a new comedy. Evenings 8:15.
 Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "Seven Days."
 Evenings 8:15.
 Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star
 Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.
 Harris, 42d St. W. of Bway. Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper,"
 by Charles Klein. Evenings 8:20.
 Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d & 44th Sts. "Around the World,"
 spectacle in seventeen scenes. Evenings 8:15.
 Hudson, 44th St. nr Bway. Frank McIntyre in "Snobs," a
 new comedy by George Bronson-Howard. Ev'gs 8:15.
 Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star
 Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
 Knickerbocker, Bway and 35th St. "The Siren," a new
 musical comedy, with Donald Brian. Evenings 8:15.
 Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Julian Eltinge in "The
 Fascinating Widow." Evenings 8:15.
 Lyceum, Bway and 45th St. "The Arab," a play of the
 Orient, by Edgar Selwyn. Evenings 8:20.
 Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Everywoman," a dramatic
 spectacle. Evenings 8:20.
 Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. and 8th Av. Robert
 Mantell in Shakspearean repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
 Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. E. of Bway. Henrietta Crosman in
 "The Real Thing," a new comedy. Evenings 8:15.
 New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady."
 Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded on
 "La Satyre."
 Playhouse, 48th St. E. of Bway. "The Rack," a new Ameri-
 can play by Thompson Buchanan. Evenings 8:30.
 Republic, W. 42d St. "The Woman," new comedy drama
 by W. C. De Mille. Evenings 8:20.
 Thirty-ninth Street, 39th nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a
 Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15.
 Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. George Arliss in "Disraeli,"
 by Louis N. Parker. Evenings 8:20.
 Weber's, Bway and 29th St. Edmund Breeze in "A Man of
 Honor." Evenings 8:30.
 West End, 125th St. W. of 8th Av. William Faversham in
 "The Faun." Evenings 8:15.

HOPELESS.

FIRST MOTORIST.—I have driven a car for
 two years, and I've never yet run down
 anybody.
 SECOND MOTORIST (*disgustedly*).—Why
 don't you quit trying, and hire a chauffeur?

MAYBE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Why did Joshua
 command the sun to stand still?
 LITTLE EMMA (*late from the seashore*).—
 O, I 'spose he wanted to get a bigger tan than
 anyone else!

SOME men's love of country decreases in the
 same ratio as the protective tariff on the
 goods they manufacture.



RATTLING THE SKELETON.

CORRIGAN (*the sudden rich*).—Yes, time works wonders, Dinny. An' so ye did n't know I had taken up golf?

CONLEY.—I did not! I thought ye wor shtill takin' up morthar!

WHEN MRS. O'HOOLOGAN SCORED.



BELIEVE that this is Mrs. O'Hooligan, is it not?" said the charity worker graciously when she had been admitted to the O'Hooligan "tinnymint," and had found Mrs. O'Hooligan "in the washtub."

"Oi am thot same, ma'am," said Mrs. O'Hooligan, none too suavely, for she was in haste to get her "wash" out of the way and join the army of Monday bargain-hunters downtown.

"Your name has been given to me, Mrs. O'Hooligan, as that of a family to whom our Uplift Society might be of service. I wanted to ask you a few questions about your family and your financial affairs, and——"

"Phwat is your own name?" asked Mrs. O'Hooligan tersely.

"My name? Of course my name does n't matter so very much. I simply represent the society, and——"

"An' phwat wages do yeez git?"

"Why, really, Mrs. O'Hooligan, I must——"

"An' phwat rint do yeez pay?"

"Why, Mrs. O'Hooligan, this is quite extraordinary, and I really——"

"Does your husband go on a bat now an' thin an' land yeez wan in th' vishinity av th' left oye whin——"

"You forget yourself, Mrs. O'Hooligan, or——"

"An' has he iver been arristed an' done toime down on th' Oiland, ma'am?"

"Most assuredly not! I am surprised and shocked that you should openly insult me in this way, and——"

"Phwat do yeez give your children for breakfast, ma'am? I hope yeez know th' nade av plinty av fresh air in your tinnymint, an' th' nade av kapin' your baby's bottle all clane an' swate, an' thot tay is bad for a baby, an'——"

"Really, Mrs. O'Hooligan, I did not come here to be asked such impertinent——"

"Never give your baby a bananny if it's under two years old, ma'am; an' whin yeez wash th' young wan see to it thot th' timperachoor av th' wather is just so, an' thot yeez don't tek th' kid out too soon afther its bath, an' thot yeez——"

"This is certainly unpardonable, Mrs. O'Hooligan, and I shall——"

"I hope, ma'am, that yeez thry to lay by a part av yer wages in th' savin's-bank, an' thot yeez kape yer kids away from th' fi-cent motion-picture shows wid arl their bad infloences, ma'am; an' do yeez go to church iv'ry Sunday, ma'am?"

"Mrs. O'Hooligan, I must beg you to remember that——"

"An' do yeez sind yer kids to Sunday-school an' kape thim off th' strates nights, ma'am? An' I hope, ma'am, yeez kape yer house clane an' daycint so thot it will be a plisint place for your husband to come home to afther his harrud day's work, ma'am? Many a man is driven to th' booze-shop because av his home not bein' arl thot it should be. An' I hope, ma'am, thot yeez do not buy too much av your food at th' bake-shop or at th' dellycatessen-store, an' thot yeez kape yourself clane an' toidy an' mek home a place av rale swateness an' beauty even if you 've but t'ree rooms an' tin in th' fam'ly. An' thry, ma'am, not to waste your husband's wages, an'——"

"Good-day, madam! I shall not remain here another moment to listen to such vulgar impertinence, and——"

"Do yeez buy your coal by th' baskit, ma'am? It's th' most ixpensive way to buy it. Yeez should lay in a year's supply in th' fall, an'—— She's clippin' down th' shtairs a dom sight faster than she kem up. Judy O'Hooligan scored for wanst in her loife wid th' Charity Society if she niver does ag'in, begorry!"

M. W.

SOUNDS REASONABLE.

"WHAT should be done in a case of drowning?" asked the timid man who was learning to swim.

"Well," replied the instructor, "I should think the natural thing would be to have a funeral."

HOPE.

VISITOR.—Everybody's going to church to-day. What's the reason?

CITIZEN.—It's just the "hope that springs eternal in the human breast." Our baseball team is at the bottom of the League, and Reverend Gude is going to preach on "The last shall be first."



SANITARIUM FAME.

FIRST INVALID.—You must think you are somebody, judging by the way you talk!

SECOND DITTO.—I want you to realize, sir, that I've been fought over in some of the best hospitals in the land!

In spite of its lack of sanitary conveniences, people who live much in the past often attain to an advanced age.



THE TITLE **"KING"** OF ALL

bottled beers has been earned by Anheuser-Busch for **"The Old Reliable"**

Budweiser

It's impossible to improve upon its **Quality** and **Purity**, because it is brewed only from the best materials and thoroughly aged in the largest storage cellars in the world. Its mildness and low percentage of alcohol makes it friends **everywhere**.

Bottled only (with corks or crown caps) at the
Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.

A GREAT NEW COMPLETE NOVEL

BY

AMÉLIE RIVES

(PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY)

Author of "The Quick or The Dead"

NOW READY IN

OCTOBER LIPPINCOTT'S

Perhaps no one novel in the history of literature has made its author so suddenly famous as did the yet-popular novel, "The Quick or The Dead," by Amelie Rives, published in LIPPINCOTT'S. Hundreds of thousands of copies were sold, and yet the demand of the reading public unsatisfied.

"HIDDEN HOUSE"

the new novel by the same author, to be published in the October issue, bids fair to excel by far its predecessor in popularity. The plot is similar, and the scene is also placed in Virginia. In realism, ardor, and fascination it is matchless.

25c. a Copy.

\$2.50 a Year

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine

East Washington Square

Philadelphia, Pa.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
USE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE. EFFECTIVE. 50c. & \$1.00
DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOGGS.—Is your daughter popular?
BIGGS.—Well, I don't want to boast, but fifteen young men are teaching her to swim.—*Exchange*.

A LOCAL man who enjoys an occasional joke on his wife is still chuckling over this one:

After preparing a hamper of luncheon and gathering in a couple of friends in order that they might also enjoy the fresh air of the country, she instructed the chauffeur to go to the office, where her husband joined the party, which proceeded to Four-Mile Run. A stop was made at the corner while one of the party disappeared into the shrubbery of a side hill to secure water, for it was the plan to have lemonade with the luncheon under the trees.

The water carrier was gone an unusually long time, and on his return explained his delay by saying: "There was only a trickling stream coming from the spring, so I had to wait. There was a ram down there in the bushes, and it seemed to be taking up all the water."

"A what?" inquired the hostess.

"A ram—hydraulic ram."

"My!" she said, with some surprise. "Were n't you afraid of the little beast?"

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Pears'

The goodness in Pears' Soap is an antidote for all bad complexions.

For goodness sake use Pears'.

Sold in America and elsewhere.



Your old friend "Philip" is talking! He has been your standby in cigarettes for more than half a century. Now its

PHILIP MORRIS English Mixture and Cut Plug

You pay \$2.00 the pound in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 tins but you get tons of satisfaction. We could sell tobacco for less but the name Philip Morris would never go on the tins.

If your dealer does not stock these tobaccos send us his name and address with 25c for trial 2 oz. tin of either brand.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.
402 West Broadway New York

AGREED WITH HER.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner-table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

NOBODY will ever know how many germs the old oaken bucket held.—*Albany Journal*.



MISTRESS.—Has Master Willie come in yet?

SERVANT.—I think so, 'm. I have n't seen him, but the cat's hidin!

—*London Opinion*.

A bottle of Abbott's Bitters should be on every table to serve with the soup course. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Bunner's Short Stories.

....ILLUSTRATED....

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Continuation of the above.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A Story of Small Stories.

Five volumes in cloth - \$5.00
Or separately, per volume, - \$1.00

MADE IN FRANCE. French Tales Retold with a United States Twist.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE. Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life.

For sale by all booksellers, or from the publishers on receipt of price. Address, PUCK, N. Y.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him.

"Yes, sir. I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned Suffragette and she is never home."

"It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad."

"That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking, and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my night-shirt to try to fool the children."—*Success Magazine*.

"I. W. HARPER"

Whiskey

Has stood the test of time and won universal popular approval. Oldest and most famous in the world.

LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KY.

HER MONEY'S WORTH.



"Look 'ere, my boy; if he don't gallop, I don't pay!"—*The Tatler*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.
U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

REMINISCENT.

"What did your wife say when you got home the other night?"

"Not a word. She just sat down at the piano and played 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.'"—*New York Evening Mail*.

It now develops that a Norfolk young man who was supposed to have committed suicide has only gone to Texas to live. What's the difference?—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*. Why, a man can move away from Texas.—*Florida Times-Union*.

Wherever quality gathers—

White Rock

"THE WORLD'S BEST TABLE WATER"



PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

"It's a shame the way they crowd these cars. The passengers should rise up and insist on getting a chance to sit down."

"You may send me up the complete works of Shakspeare, Goethe, and Emerson—also something to read."

"I'd like to dance, and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."

"Yes, her husband robbed her of every cent she had—and just think, she only married him because she was afraid of burglars!"

"Hello! Is this the butcher? Well, you may send me up a roast of beef, and remember, please, butcher, to have it rare. That's the only way my husband can eat it."—*Boston Transcript*.

It's about time for Nat Goodwin to get out a second thriller entitled "Mothers-in-Law I Have Had."—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

Hit 'em Out,
Old Man!

And Don't Forget to
SUBSCRIBE for

Puck



THE FOREMOST HUMOROUS WEEKLY OF AMERICA

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK,
ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

Puck

NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name.....

Address.....

Ah! Since 1859 the Favorite American Champagne

COOK'S

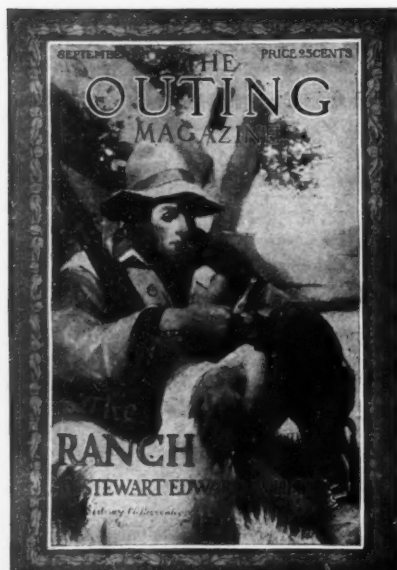
IMPERIAL

Extra Dry

Not only the best AMERICAN Champagne but the best CHAMPAGNE ever produced. Its purity and delicious flavor never fail to satisfy and give exquisite pleasure to the most critical taste.

Better than imported—costs half.
Served Everywhere

PROBABLY the Illinoisan who says he'd give \$1,000 to locate a man from whom he stole something thirty years ago wants to find out if the man is still "easy."—*Richmond News Dealer.*



Q STEWART EDWARD WHITE opens the big fall shooting number of OUTING with THE RANCH. It's a wonderful picture of outdoor life—shooting, working, riding, loafing.

Q Then there's DUCKS ON THE ROCK; MEASURING YOUR GUN STOCK and HELPS FOR SNIPE SHOOTING.

Q And besides a complete variety from THE TROUT LAND OF IDAHO to SHEARS AND THE CAMERA from a visit to the Panama Indians to THE AIREDALE.

Q This big September issue is wholly and sincerely devoted to the best there is in outdoor life—All news-stands 25 cents; \$2.50 a year—six-months' trial subscription for new readers \$1.00. Liberal terms to local representatives.

OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY
315 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY



TO BE ENVIED.
"What a cinch he has up there! If only my horse were made of bronze too."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since.

We have now issued

"WALK, — YOU, WALK!"

as a Booklet, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at Ten Cents per Copy.

Admirers of this famous poem will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form.



Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 31 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.	Jacksonville, Fla.	Portland, Me.	White Plains, N. Y.	Columbus, Ohio.
Los Angeles, Cal.	Atlanta, Ga.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Providence, R. I.
San Francisco, Cal.	Dwight, Ill.	Kansas City, Mo.	915 N. Broad St.	Columbia, S. C.
West Haven, Conn.	Marion, Ind.	Manchester, N. H.	Pittsburg, Pa.	Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Washington, D. C.	Lexington, Mass.	Buffalo, N. Y.	4246 Fifth Ave.	London, England.

ALWAYS THE SAME
GOOD OLD

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

Private Stock
Uniform Excellence

comes in every bottle bearing the triangular label. Just remember this—and order Blatz.

"The Finest Beer Ever Brewed"

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet. Insist on Blatz. Correspondence invited direct.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P.D.F.: 423 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

HELLO, BROTHER!



We want you to meet 100,000 good fellows who gather round our "Head Camp" fire once a month and spin yarns about sport with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing, and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc. All this for 25c. a copy, or with watch fob, \$1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the National Sportsman is, and make you this

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
On receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin we will send you this month's National Sportsman and one of our heavy Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Can you beat this? This month's National Sportsman, regular price 25c. National Sportsman Watch Fob, regular price, 50c., total value, 75c. All Yours for 25c.

Don't Delay—Send TO-DAY!
National Sportsman, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

"You have a fine lot of children, Binks," said Hawkins as, after a spin through the country, they returned to the house for dinner. "How many are there?"

"Seven," said Binks, proudly.

"I've often wondered," said Hawkins, "whether you people with so many children have any favorites among them."

"O, no," returned Binks, hesitatingly; "that is to say, not consciously; but of course we are more interested in a 1911 model than in the earlier ones."
—*Harper's Weekly.*



No matter how hard the day, how rough the night—

Red Raven

in the morning puts you right

try a bottle for that sleeping-car feeling

everywhere 15c

A STOCK ANECDOTE.

"This sword came from the battle-field of Waterloo. An interesting anecdote goes with it."

"It is a fine anecdote," said the other man after listening carefully. "I bought the same anecdote once with an old musket."—*Washington Herald*.

Puck Proofs

Photogravures from PUCK

Copyright 1908 by Kappler & Schwartzmann



THE FIRST AFFINITY.

By Carl Hassman.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 1/4 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Sixty Miniature Reproductions

Address PUCK,

295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

WHY HE STOPPED.

They had been engaged only a week. He had kissed her fully forty times that evening. When he stopped tears came into her eyes, and she said:

"Dearest, you have ceased to love me."

"No, I haven't," he replied, "but I must breathe." — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE MORNING QUARREL.

"You forgot something," called his wife from the window.

He came back. "What did I forget?"

"You forgot to slam the door."

He slammed it. — *Washington Herald*.

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

"Where am I?" the invalid exclaimed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort loving hands had supplied to him. "Where am I—in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his wife, "I am still with you." — *Toledo Blade*.

VACATION PRELIMINARIES.

Pull down the blinds, Take in the mat And chloroform The poor old cat. — *Evening Sun*.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

This Diamond King is our great special. Only the finest quality pure white diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy are used. Skillfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 6-prong ring mounting. All you have to do is to ask us to send you a Ring on approval. It will be sent at once, all charges prepaid. If you are not perfectly satisfied that it is the biggest bargain you ever saw, return it at our expense. Write for Free Catalog containing over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. It tells all about our many credit plans.

Loftis "Perfection" Ring
Finest diamond
\$48 A MONTH
Other sizes at \$25, \$75, \$100, \$125. See our Catalog. Sent Free.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.,
DIAMOND CUTTERS,
Dept. D928, 108 N. State St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Branch Stores: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

No. 363.

STAVING IT OFF.

The street-piano was out our way the other night and our next-door neighbor didn't like it.

"Here's a nickel," he shouted to the grinder, "if you'll go away at once."

"Ees der someboda wat ees seek?" asked the grinder.

"Not yet," answered our neighbor. "Hurry!" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanitarium, Dept. 59 St. Joseph, Mo.

A NOBLE MAN.

"Now," said the lawyer who was drawing up the gentleman's will, "is there anything more you wish to have mentioned?"

"You've said I want all my just debts paid, have you?"

"Yes."

"Well, just add that the ladies to whom I have been paying alimony are to have their regular allowances right along." — *Record-Herald*.

HE CAUGHT IT.

"You look warm."

"I have been chasing a hat."

"Did your hat blow off?"

"It wasn't my hat, it belonged to somebody else, and it had a pretty girl under it."

"Did you catch it?"

"Yes. My wife saw me chasing it." — *Houston Post*.

A RUN ON THE BANK.

"Willie, mamma has a great surprise for you."

"Aw, I know what it is—big bruvver is back from his vacation."

"How did you know?"

"My bank won't rattle any more." — *Exchange*.



Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Cunning—the long tramp through the woods and then a resting spell. Get out your pipe—load it up with Velvet—it's exhilarating. You'll like Velvet—no doubt about it. It's mild—it's rich—distinctive and a better smoke, because it's the choicest selection of Burley leaves. The best leaves of the plant—leaves full of flavor. Rich, brown leaves—grown right—cured right—mellowed right and made right. That's why it doesn't bite the tongue. One pipeful is proof. Let Velvet tell its own story. Get a can today and convince yourself.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
Chicago, Ill.

In a neat metal can
10 cents

At your dealer's, or if he is sold out, send us the 10c. We'll send you a can to any address in the U.S.A.



ONE INCIDENT OVERLOOKED.

A New England farmer, noted for his uncontrolled temper, attended a religious revival in the neighborhood and became converted.

A month later he was holding forth to a number of friends and relatives gathered at the Thanksgiving dinner-table on the subject of his religious principles, his entire change of character, and his kind and forbearing disposition. Finally, growing enthusiastic in his description, he called on his wife to uphold his assertions.

"Jane," he shouted, "you have n't had an unkind word or deed from me since I got converted—now, have you?"

There was a dead silence; then came in meek yet reminding tones from the other end of the table:

"Jerome, Jerome, you've forgot the time you bit me." — *St. Louis Republic*.

AUTHORESS (in search of "copy"). —And I suppose visitors are not common in this out-of-the-way place?

SUPERIOR WAITER.—Indeed they har—painfully so, most hof 'em! — *London Opinion*.

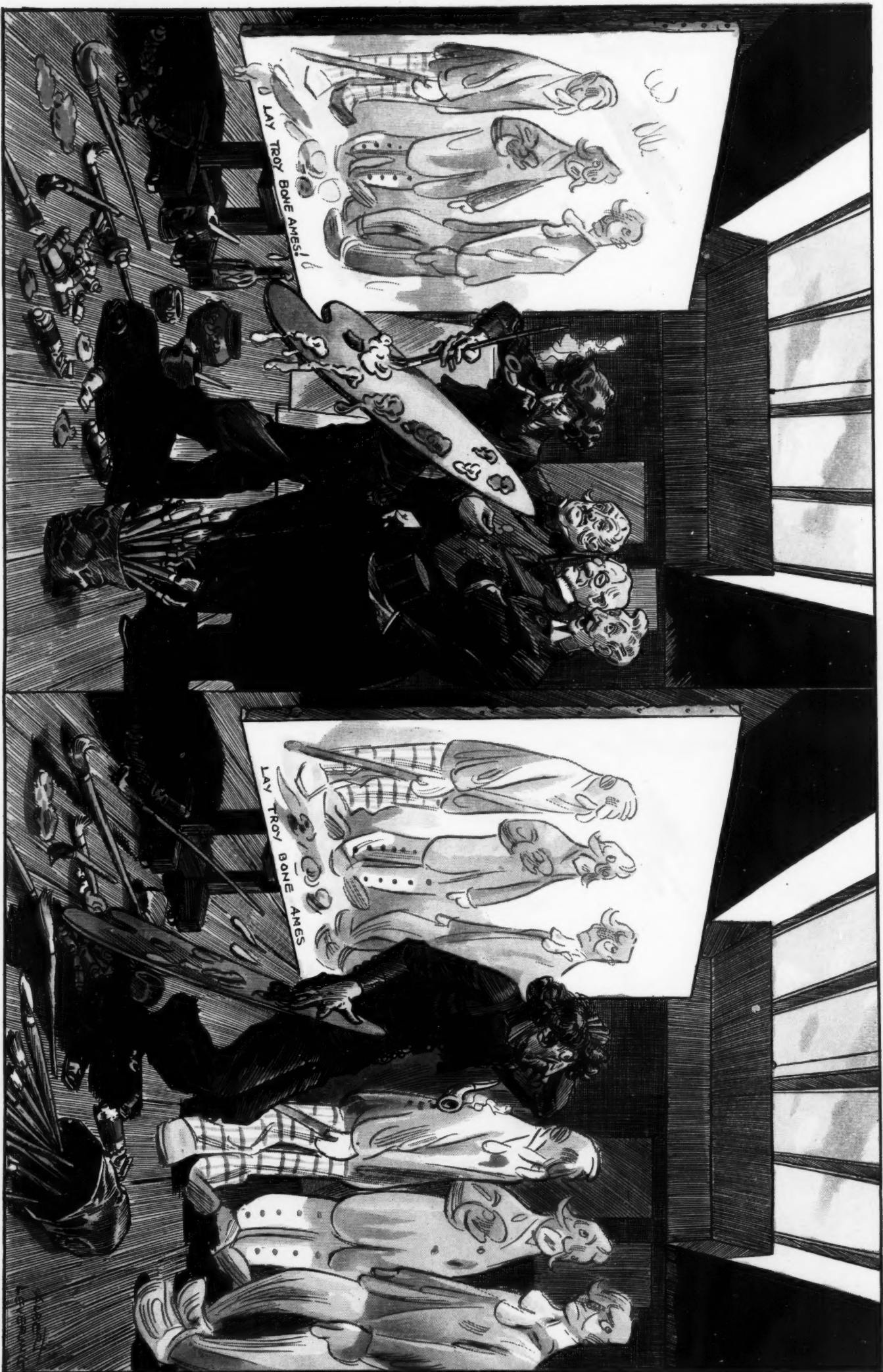
MAYBELLE.—See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night. ESTELLE.—Gee! Has that just got around to you? — *Toledo Blade*.



Courtesy of Rock Island Lines.

CALIFORNIA BIG TREES, MARIPOSA GROVE.

JUST SUPPOSE THAT —



Maulstick, the impressionist painter, should suddenly turn around and find —

That the admiring friends in his studio had suddenly become like the people in his pictures.